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CAPTAIN KIDD
AND
OTHER CHARADES

CAPTAIN KIDD

and other CHARADES

by Florence L. Sahler

Robert [illegible] Cooke .. New York

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ROBERT GRIER COOKE

TO CHARADE LOVERS.

PRAY take this little book of rhymes,
A maze bewildering ofttimes;
As down its devious paths you stray,
May Pleasure speed you on your way,
And may you find the secret glades,
Where dwell the Answers to Charades.

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FOREWORD.

IN tracing the history of the Charade we find that it has been popular for centuries, and that its earliest form was the riddle, the generic term for riddle, rebus, or charade, being *enigma,* or *"dark saying."* Primitive man had an especial predilection for mental exercise of this nature, and we can well imagine that our prehensile ancestors seized upon such intellectual nuts with avidity, and cracked them with that convulsion of the features which has evolved into the smile. Probably the pre-Adamites developed their embryonic brain-cells by inventing ambiguous propositions. Indeed the first recorded conversation, if not a puzzle to the *dramatis personæ,* has proved such to posterity.

The Abbé Boilat tells us that the Wolofs, a race of Senegal, gather around the fire at night and seek diversion in guessing enigmas. If one is solved they all exclaim, with a surprising appreciation of the ethics involved, "He has spoken truth;" but if it transcends the guessing powers of one of this dusky

tribe, he acknowledges his limitations by seizing his chin and shouting, "Spirit of Truth, in thy name!" It must be admitted that the subject matter of these Wolofian enigmas is most elementary.

In the days of Necbatano, King of Egypt, a contest called the "War of Riddles" was regularly held. Lycerus, King of Babylon, fortunately had at his Court the brilliant Æsop, therefore the Babylonians were usually victorious in these argumentative tourneys. Once the Egyptian Monarch was certain that he would be the conqueror, as he was armed with this enigma: "There is a grand temple, resting upon a column; the column is surrounded by twelve cities; each city has thirty flying buttresses against its walls; each buttress has two women, one white and one black, who go around it in turn." But the discomfitting, clear-minded Æsop speedily replied: "The temple is the world; the column is the year; the cities are the twelve months; the thirty buttresses the days, and the two women are light and darkness."

The ancient Greeks are credited with many conundrums. Clesbulina, called Eumetis, the Wise

Woman, was renowned for her enigmas, and Cleobolus, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, was famous for his ingenious metaphorical puzzles. The most noted enigma of all times is the *"Ælia Lælia Crispis,"* an old inscription at Bologna. It has not been solved, although many learned men have ransacked their brains for the answer.

There is a tradition that Homer collapsed after a vain endeavor to elucidate a conundrum, and never revived. The bard, walking by the sea, asked some fishermen what they had captured. Instead of responding with the usual fish story, they replied: "What we caught we threw away, what we could not catch we kept." This riddle was too much for the poet, the answer would be too much for our readers; but the riddle has survived, being preserved in Latin by Symposius, and translated into old French verse by Pierre Grognet.

An old collection of conundrums is referred to by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," its explanatory title, according to ancient fashion, being, *"The Booke of Merry Riddles together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make*

pleasant pastime; no less useful than behoovefull for any yong man or child, to know if he be quickwitted or no."

Up to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries most charades and rhymed riddles had been anonymous, but the Abbé Cotin sent his out under his signature, and since then many renowned authors have acknowledged their efforts in this direction, among them Swift, Schiller, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Cowper, Charles James Fox and Canning.

It is of more than passing interest to note the important rôles which charades, riddles and the like have played in the drama of folk-lore. The ingenuity of the Brothers Grimm in furnishing many enigmatical accessories to their settings of witches and their ilk, has added to the keen delight of readers in their Golden Age; moreover, the folk-lore of all peoples abounds in the implied challenge

"Guess the meaning hid in my song—
You may be right; you may be wrong."

so dear to the heart of the patient and ingenious.

Miss Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield,"

bequeathed one thousand pounds to anyone who could guess her enigma beginning: *"The noblest object in the works of art,"* but the sum has not yet been awarded. This gives a high valuation to charades, but on the other hand Sydney Smith calls them *"unpardonable trumpery,"* and asserts that *"the offender should be hurried off to execution without being allowed to explain why his first is like his second or the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth."* Yet their production has been the relaxation of many brilliant minds, among them such men as W. M. Praed, R. H. Barham, and C. S. Calverley.

Acting charades was long a favorite pastime in France, and was transplanted to England about the time of the Great George. A charade party in which the incomparable Becky won a histrionic and social success has been described by Thackeray. At such entertainments the company divide themselves into two groups, audience and actors. The latter choose a word and, in hastily improvised costumes, act each syllable in turn, with impromptu dialogue or in pantomime.

We observe that charades and similar poetical puzzles have found particular favor at certain eras, especially at the end of the seventh century and during the Renaissance. As these were periods of marked activity in art and letters, let us hope that the various enigmatical volumes now appearing may presage great intellectual fertility for our twentieth century! Even the ossified mentality of the Sphinx was stirred by a conundrum, and she cast into an abyss the unfortunate Thebans who could not solve the riddle with which she confronted them. While not predicting a like fate for the readers of these charades, (since demanding

"What goes on four feet, on two feet and three,
But the more feet it goes on the weaker it be"

would hardly insure, to-day, one's pedestal by the Nile!), it is deemed expedient to annex a key which will confirm some Œdipus in his answer guessed, if it is a proper solution.

These charades have been divided into monosyllables and are correct in either spelling or sound, although it has not been thought necessary that

they should conform in both respects since such an arrangement would present fewer tests to the reader's ingenuity.

New York. FLORENCE L. SAHLER.

CAPTAIN KIDD.

To sea on the galley "Adventure" Kidd sailed,
Much booty he captured, 'twas in my first nailed.—
Danger's nigh, Captain Kidd,
So make fast my first's lid.
Yo Ho! Captain Kidd.

He cast anchor—my last in it must have been found—
Then landed and buried my first in the ground.—
But a rope, Captain Kidd,
Round your neck soon was slid.
Yo Ho! Captain Kidd.

Like the doughty old Pirate, my whole was hung high,
Yet it's carefully shielded, concealed from the eye.—
Let all seek, Captain Kidd,
For the treasure we've hid.
Yo Ho! Captain Kidd.

U of M

ACROSS THE SEAS.

In La Belle France across the seas,
My first is the color that waves in the breeze.

When Louis Seize reigned, or in Robespierre's day,
My last beamed alike on who ever held sway.

For my whole the guillotine claimed a head,
And for long the streets of Paris ran red.

GOOD QUEEN BESS.

Elizabeth the Virgin Queen,
Supreme on land and sea,
Without my first was never seen,
A humble devotee.

Three thousand gowns did her wardrobe hold,
How hard she tried to look young !
Indeed, my last she never told,
To the lords who her praises sung.

Sir Walter played the courtly game,
For her love did Alençon die;
How did she my whole their hearts to enflame?
Lord Essex and Blount could reply.

SPRING.

Beneath the stars by the sea, my Love,
I have my first with thee, my Love;
'Tis spring! Love, 'tis spring!
And joy the spring doth bring.

In a garden stands my last, my Love,
Come, dance, the moon wanes fast, my Love;
'Tis spring! Love, 'tis spring!
And joy the spring doth bring.

My whole is shining bright, my Love,
And thou art my delight, my Love;
'Tis spring! Love, 'tis spring!
Come, Love, my Joy, 'tis spring!

FLORENTINE CLOISTERS.

Fra Savonarola imprisoned lay,
In my first in Palazzo Vecchio's tower,
In San Marco's cloisters we'll find it to-day,
Fra Angelico's frescos its priceless dower.

As my last is a Roman household god,
In a monastery it has no place,
Though with Baedeker you all its corridors trod,
Of my last you would find not a relic or trace.

By globe-trotting tourists who never know fear,
In Florentine cloisters my whole may be found.
It is damp, it is dismal, it's dark and it's drear,
It's cold and it's crumbling, and hid 'neath the ground.

TWO RIVERS.

HE.

Like what is love, my sweet, in thy
My first? In thy imagining?
What fancy, shape, what imagery
Giv'st thou to Love? To man is love
A river swift, a blood-red stream;
Its foaming torrents wildly rush;
An ecstacy of turbulence,—
Such is my love for thee, my sweet.

SHE.

My heart's my last of love for thee,
But, dear one, not so fierce seems love.
'Tis like, methinks, a silver stream,
Its glistening waters gently glide,
And sing love's song of sweet content.

ENVOIE.

The blood-red stream o'erflowed its banks.
The silver stream sings on alone,
Fore'er my whole of those who grieve.
In ripple soft and cadence sweet
To them it sweetly whispereth:
"Who walk with Love may Sorrow meet,
For Love's dear sake we welcome Grief."

BY THE FIRESIDE.

I dropped in to tea, at Miss Masie Le Rolle's,
And my first fleeting moments we spent tête-a-tête,
She was dressed all in white in a soft, filmy lace,
On its price per my last, I will not speculate.
It was twilight; the wood brightly blazed on the hearth;
Emboldened I murmured: "How sweet it would be
Forever to sit by our own cheery fire,

Undying its flame, like my love, Dear, for thee."
Then gently she answered, but cool was her tone
As a chilling north wind on a hot summer's day:
"Oh! this is so sudden! We've been such good friends;
And who—the expense—of my whole—would defray?"

ENVOIE.

Her mother came down, it need scarce be averred,
To the price of my whole we have ne'er since referred.

HIS MOTHER.

Who said he did'nt care for girls?
Who said he hated golden curls?
His mother.

Who thought her son my perfect first?
Who glared at us when we conversed?
His mother.

Who always went with us to ride?
Who sat so closely by my side?
His mother.

Who when we rowed, must take my last?
Who when we fished, her line must cast?
His mother.

Who joined us evenings on the sand?
Who firmly held my *other* hand?
His mother.

Who fainted when we were engaged?
Who, when we married, was enraged?
His mother.

Who chose my whole, for which I paid?
Who planned our house, nor asked my aid?
His mother.

Who still frowns when he calls me dear?
Who visits us for half the year?
His mother.

OMAR.

With Jug of Wine and Crust of Bread 'neath Bough,
Khayyám my first two found were quite enow;
Long was he singing in the Wilderness,—
To him thus spake the wearied Thou.

"Thy songs are loud! Was not that Jug my last?
Thy Bubbling Verse the Bibber's Bold Bombast?"
"Enow!" cried he, filled Cup, did Sup, (my whole
His feast) and sang, "In Paradise we're cast."

SIEGFRIED.

With the sound of my first the Forest rings,
And my Rap, tap, tap, on my sword;
It doth my last with the notes the bird sings,
And my Rap, tap, tap, on my sword;
On my forge of quartz of gneiss or my whole,
There I Rap, tap, tap, on my sword;
Sing, sing, sweet bird, thy song thrills my soul,
As I Rap, tap, tap, on my sword.

KING LEAR.

Oh, how sad is the story of old King Lear,
Like a frail aspen leaf he enraged did my first;
For against his beloved Cordelia he turned,
And she fled from home like to one accursed.
Then Regan and Goneril, treacherous fiends,
Went to war with their father, and battles fierce
waged,
And the brave Edgar fought, he was armed with
my last,
On the side of the King were his forces engaged.

If you wish to know more of this tragedy dire,
You must go to my whole; no authority's higher.

MY MOTOR CAR.

My first is worth—perhaps a billion.
My last is less—not e'en a million.

About the town I gaily went,
In my machine on pleasure bent.
How could I guess that all its "pent
Up Utica" must find a vent?

But as I whirled about the town,
It blew me up! Then I blew down!

My beauty's marred by many a dent,
To walk I now am quite content;
Though all my savings I have spent,
My motor car's not worth a cent.

Completely wrecked from lamp to wheel,
My whole's my Auto—im—mobile.

PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.

In old cathedrals my first you will see.
My next in a meeting-house always will be.

Protect all your dogmas, your tenets and creed,
When softened my last doth heresy breed.

Now study the questions contained in my whole.
Its precepts obeyed, will bring peace to your soul.

DESTINY.

My first.
A flower growing high,
We'll pluck or gladly die.

A jewel, yet its price
Worth any sacrifice.

To steal one is no harm,—
Perhaps 'tis half the charm.

A bird that far hath flown;
A treasure we can't own.

Sweet wine of coral lip,
The nectar mortals sip.

My last.
No miles now intervene
Young lovers true between.

My whole.
In vain man fiercely strove
Against this web Fate wove.

INDUSTRY.

My first.
That remarkable stitch that saveth nine,
Genealogy proves is a forbear of mine.

My second.
The merry Maud Muller one summer's day,
Gracefully raked me sweet with hay.

My whole.
To make me a king at last my wife deigned,
But gunpowder boomed and no longer I reigned.

THE COLLEGIANS.

From Vassar I soon will be graduated,
In the Classics and Science I'm very well versed,
In my last I prepare the electives just stated,
For me they are easy, not dull or my first.

My whole Dr. Busby oft birched and berated,
In old Cambridge he studied and won his degree.
Keen "Satires" and "Fables" his genius created,
In anthologies search, and his poems you'll see.

LUNCHEON IN INDIA.

When rival dames at lunch have met,
Into my first they often get.

My last is part of salted fish;
Though served, it's left upon the dish.

On India's coral strand, I'm told,
The Sahibs who their flag uphold,

Are pleased when they are asked to eat
My whole, 'mid smiles of maidens sweet.

THE VEGETARIAN.

I'm a Chappie, a Lobster, a Softy, men say,
I don't smoke, nor yet drink deleterious wine,
Yet the girls send me presents, my first came to-day,
And my last; on them both I'll exclusively dine.

But to one peerless maiden I'll pledge my heart true,
In Dame Nature's non-spiritous free-flowing bowl,
(From "brain-fag" I'll not suffer as many men do,)
She sent me for breakfast my brain-building whole.

LOVE AND HONOR.

My first was a poet and author of fame,
Never more will he write, nevermore;
A New England writer's long poem now name,
And my last you will find on the shore.

"Love and honor, which is the more my whole?"
Love and honor, which doth man's life control?

MATRIMONY.

My second, third, fourth, with my first the Moor made,
He married my first, naught the nuptials delayed.

When thus Desdemona Othello wed,
It was my whole, all the gossips said.

To relieve his mind he smothered her,
But to-day divorce is more de rigeur.

SOLITUDE.

Oh! Sea of Solitude,
On thee, I sail away,
In my first, with hope and joy.
Oh! Sea, breathe soft I pray.

Oh! Sea of Solitude,
Of my first my last wilt make?
Will thy winds waft grief? Thy waves
With sorrow surge and break?—

Oh! Sea of Solitude,
Wilt harm my white winged boat?
'My whole fear not. In peace
Thy barque may safely float.'

THE BIOGRAPHER.

My first from his sketches has won renown;
By printers' ink only they're jotted down.

My last is well grounded; yet doctors say
(In this modern age) it has had its day.

The Prince of Biographers is my whole;
He died enslaved by the flowing bowl.

THE SUITOR

"My first" the maiden gently saith;
Her suitor, leaving, longs for death.

He sails away, my next his quest,—
Through Baffin's Bay the route is best.

My third and fourth will e'er endure,
For man's true love, the only cure.

My whole.
A little man, soon women learned
By just a glance their heads he turned.
He Europe, too, turned inside out;
You know him now, I have no doubt.

THE PROTECTRESS.

I am four walls of brick or stone,
Art fashioned me and man's device;
I caused an olive tree to grow;
I used my power, and in a trice
From looting foe I Hellas saved.
I wear a helmet, spear,—no crown;
Protectress both in peace and war,
Men love me, yet in fear bow down.

MISFORTUNE.

His pipes soothe my first, but he oft cuts up tricks;
If in a new house then perchance my next sticks;
My third a band leadeth, of just twenty-six;
My whole got us all in this terrible fix.

KNAVE OR FOOL.

"You're a knave or a fool?"
He looked the worst;
His answer was grave,—
"I am my first."

"But you're ill,"—"I'm in error
No more, that is past.
Through absent treatment
I now am my last."

My whole.
He was a gay noble
Who abducted a queen;
In her "Casket Letters"
Connivance is seen.

FORMATION.

My first man forms for combination.
My last reforms by castigation.
My whole performs alleviation.

THE EPICURES.

An author does not live on air,
But "straight he turtle eats,"
The poet Browning doth declare.
Come, friends, and take your seats.
My first I'll in my last prepare,
It's not the best of treats.
Do literati like such fare?
"What porridge had John Keats?"

My whole.
Well veilèd, this dainty, displayed in a cup,
The false Agrippina to Claudius fed;
In a day he was dead.
But now on this cordon-bleu triumph we'll sup;
Without "veil" or "cup," (then no poison we dread)
On my table it's spread.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

"Marriage a Failure," they're brave who durst,
Marry without first having my first.

"Marriage a Failure," doth the tie bind?
Harlem!—a flat! my next there you'll find.

"Marriage a Failure," think o'er the past,
What did you really marry my last?

"Marriage a Failure." Life a greased pole!
That's just a simile, not my whole.

HELIOS.

Across my first Great Helios drives,
His brow encircled by a crown;
From out the East he brings my last,
And Day dispels the Night's dark frown.

Of "Model Tenements" we prate,
Of "Sanitation," "Air-Shaft space:"
Down through my whole would Helios speed,
If in "dark rooms" we could it place.

"YELLOW."

My first is in my second,—
He's cramped, poor mule, and spunky!
My third a sin is reckoned,
So with it I'll not monkey.
Ere you my fourth, one beckoned
And seated you,—a flunkey.

My whole.
In Penny Dreadfuls, and Ancient Histories,
In Yellow Journals, and Modern Mysteries.

MRS. GRUNDY.

Poor Mrs. Grundy, from to-day
Your prudish rules I'll set aside;
My own sweet will must be my guide.
I'll feel as free as Fairy Fay,—
Of course I'll be a trifle gay,
Flirtatious, brusque, and debonair.
Correct behavior, savoir-faire,
Will from my whole be driven away.
My first and next are to be sent!
Alas, I know my third is meant!

VANITAS.

My first spoils my novel,
But improveth champagne.
My last mars the vista,
'Tis a business man's gain.
My whole draweth water,
Yet I fear it is vain.

MOSES.

The Hebrew child in a basket lay,
And up to my first turned his face;
Then Pharaoh's daughter rescued him,
He lived and redeemed his race.

My second, too, in a basket lies,
Put Princesses there never pause;
You will my last, if you think 'tis a child,
Or like the great Giver of Laws.

Tents Moses pitched in the Wilderness,
But now if my whole he should see,
The Tenth Commandment I fear he would break,
Were not he its first mortgagee!

MADEMOISELLE.

My first is just a Mademoiselle,
Mrs. a Priest could make her.
Beaux in my last surround this belle,
Speak French, for she's no Quaker.

She trips to Mass with dainty feet,
Eyes flashing beneath her chapeau;
She sees my whole. *Ma foi! Petite,*
Your *mari's* a lucky chap—oh!

ONE DOLLAR AN HOUR.

My first is Prince or Pauper, Fool or Knave,
A saint, if he his deep-dyed sins would lave.
My next a "follower" hath, yet many say
That he's more bore than beau, he's such a jay!
My last is kill or cure,—pray test its power;
You must one dollar pay my whole an hour.

DECAPITATION.

My first.
If I'm taken despite station,
Just at my own valuation,
Find me in my abnegation,
Scarcely worth your contemplation.

My second and third.
Actress of a foreign nation,
Minus rouge or affectation,
She receives great adulation,
But her plays, oft condemnation.

My whole.
Ben Cellini's great creation,
All Italia's adoration.
Victim of decapitation,
Wondrous was its perpetration.

IN AND OUT OF EDEN.

A luscious fruit grew,
In Eden most fair;
Find in it my first,
Dissect it with care.

My next, though not cast
In serpentine mold,
Cajoles and then swears,
Is wily or bold.

We've Paradise still,
Though Eden is past,
Thank Heaven, not here,
But there—is my last.

My whole.
He lives in a pit, from taxes exempt;
To rule him e'en England will not attempt.

THE COCKNEY.

"'is Ludship was rich, but by 'ell 'e was 'ard,"
The cockney with oaths doth his speech interlard;
He murders, alas! the King's English,—for shame!
He mentions my whole,—'tis a Regicide's name.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

Get out your slate,
And for knowledge show thirst;
With care subtract,—
All the rest is my first.

My last is less,
This is not a hard sum;
Don't be my whole,
Though your fingers are numb!

CROWNED HEADS.

My first, in King Francis the Second's day,
Was found in the beautiful month of May.

Young bloods drink my next plus a letter, I've heard,
In France, I believe, Absinthe is preferred.

If you in the Quartier Latin reside,
My fourth you'll hear praised, but never decried.

My third you will eat there (it's liked by few),
'Tis served with a sauce and called "ragout."

The two names of my whole you know very well;
Her faults we condone for her charms cast a spell.

A French monarch's widow then twice again wed;
Oh, hard was the pillow on her dying bed.

ALL'S FAIR IN WAR.

My second Sisera did wage;
Discomforted, his chariots fled.
"Turn in! I'll hide thee," Jael cried,—
Then drove a nail into his head:
(A nail's my first, of steel, not wood)
The Captain in her tent lay dead!
Oh, could she sleep, or e'en my last?
This Murderess, with hands blood-red?

My whole's a Don, called "The Profound;"
Can his philosophy light shed,
And tell us why "All's Fair in War,"
Though guile to treachery seems wed?

A BACHELOR MAID.

Yes, I am a Bachelor Maid;
Do join me at supper to-night,—
Most softly my bloomers frou-frou,
You'll find my cigars are all right.

Oh ! I am a Modern Young Thing,—
A strict Vegetarian I,
A flower, a fruit, these my whole,
And cocktails my table supply.

Although a New Woman I am,
I really admire my whole,
A writer, a Statesman renowned,
He wisely his Peers doth control.

1492.

Columbus' love my first loved well;
All secrets History cannot tell.

When to explore he started out,
My next and third decreed his route.

My whole Queen Isabella wore;
They found none at San Salvadore.

HALL OF FAME.

My first.
"That last infirmity of noble mind."

My second.
The end of old Tiberius, Fate unkind!

My whole.
The names that in the Hall of Fame you find.

MANHATTAN.

Where buildings scrape the sky,—
'Mid noise of clanging bells,—
"My first," a boy did cry,
The gift of heaven he sells!

An urchin shouts "My last,"—
Five cents to him I'll pay;
The sky is overcast,
There's no my whole to-day.

A CLASSIC POEM.

Oft in my first I have been sadly taken;
Eskimo infants are in my next shaken.

Pardon my last for its flat contradiction;
Label my whole, as Punitive Fiction.

A PROMOTER.

My first.
I wear a cap by night, by day.

My second.
Go, go; eternally I cry.

My third.
In tinsel I make great display.

My fourth.
The busy B next me espy.

My fifth.
In torment find me. Help! I pray.

My whole.
In business oft I'm indispensable,
A bargain is my forte,
To me no scheme's incomprehensible,
With Shylock I consort.

TO ÆSCULAPIUS, M.D.

"Nature's soft nurse." "The balm of woe,"
My soothing first, dids't thou prescribe?
No pellets, drugs, or food tabloids
Hads't thou, good health's return to bribe.

E'en now some poor degenerates,
Despite our health-food factories vast,
Consume the death-food alcohol,
Oh! would that they might take my last.

Our modern ailments could'st thou cure?
"Prostration" now is quite au fait.
Thy patients were they e'er my whole?
Each "Itis" new could'st thou allay?

THE PRUDE.

The priggish Prude who doth propose
To captivate my placid heart,
This potpourri must perpetrate,
Stir with my first. Flirts know the art.

Mix with a pound of persiflage,
A cup my last of piquant smiles,
A pint of pirouettes and pranks,
A pinch of pretty wiles.

Add plenty of proximity,
With kisses sweeten all to taste,
And skillful cooks are all agreed,
There's bound to be a little waist.

The priggish Prude must take my whole,
The dose prescribed. Perchance she can,
By this pure potions potency,
Now fascinate *ther* man.

OUT OF DATE.

Diogenes set out to find
My first, an honest man;
To tell my last I have no mind,
These lines I'll let you scan.

A prophet in the shady past,
My whole did relegate;
My modiste looks at mine aghast,
It's sadly out of date.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

I now will my first of Arms and the Man
To sing: of Odysseus' deeds long past;
Of the horse he devised which the Trojans seized,
They found that its weight was more than my last.
Alas! for the valorous sons of Troy,
They were caught in the snare which the Grecians cast.

My whole.

Where waves gently ripple and merrily swish,
In Hellenic waters with me you may meet,
Commenced a man, but completed a fish,
My troth I may plight to a mermaid sweet.

THE STAG.

Landseer "The Stag at my first" did paint,
And against his great art I can make no complaint.

Walter Scott sang of "The Stag at Eve,"
But less than a bard was my last, I believe.

To the unfair sex did my whole belong,
Yet his heart was true, and his deeds were strong.

MY VACATION.

I'm far from turmoil, far from city's strife,
How fast my last vacation days do fade.
Alas! not once have I my whole, my wife,
I sit beside my typist in the shade.
She's sweet, she's neat, she's fleet, at work she plays,
And well hath she my first. Although I'm kind,
We "scorn delights and live laborious days,"
And yet my wife some fault is sure to find!

Not once have I my whole my wife,—she'll air her ills,
Though all my holidays I've worked, to pay her bills.

EXPLANATION OF KEY DIAGRAM.

The key-word to any answer guessed is formed by replacing each letter of the answer with the capital in the diagram flanking the row in which each letter of the answer is found. When such a key-word is formed, if it is to be found in the Key Index the inference may be made safely that the solution is correct.

A	a	g	m	s	A
E	b	h	n	t	E
I	c	i	o	u	I
O	d	j	p	v	O
U	e	k	q	w	U
Y	f	l	r	y	Y

Thus a key-word composed of the letters **A U Y A A** would show that the letters in that answer were to be found respectively in the rows indicated in the diagram by **A, U, Y, A,** and **A.**

KEY INDEX.

A A E A A U
A A E E I Y Y A
A A E E Y U
A A E I I I Y U
A A E I Y E
A A E I Y
A A A A A A I E A E U
A A Y Y A E I A Y E
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Y U A E Y U A A